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—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

"AN IDYL"
By Olga Popoff

IN
APRON
STRINGS



By
Elizabeth
Sparhawk-
Jones

The Annual Exhibition of American Art

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

NO ARTIST can afford to send superior pictures from his studio out into the cold world unless a motive is presented to him for doing so. It so happens that New York has strangely delayed the building of an ample central art home; therefore, it is to the picture dealers' places that we must go to find really great art in New York, as the annual exhibitions at the public institutions are not of the first order and the prizes offered not highly attractive. For some reason the Academy of The Fine Arts in Philadelphia has maintained a higher standard than any New York public exhibition. The Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., presents every year a series of prizes from \$2,000 to \$500, with the, to be expected, better-

ment of exhibitions. The value of special inducements to call out great art is seen at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, where medals and prizes, the highest \$1,500, have made a great impression upon artists.

Quite naturally Chicago, which all the world has looked upon as a purely commercial city, found it difficult to bring the very best of American art to the Art Institute. To meet this, a society was organized a couple of years ago called "Friends of American Art," whose members pledged themselves to subscribe a goodly sum through a succession of years. Mr. Ralph Clarkson was the author of the idea and an energetic worker in its development. As a result there is at the command of the Art Institute about \$30,000 each year to



By Mary Foot
PORTRAIT OF MISS JANET SCUDDER

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

buy American Art for the Art Institute collections.

As is probably generally known, a large number of good American artists are work-

ing in Paris, and the Art Institute maintains an agent at the French capital whose business it is to select the best available for this annual exhibition. Also the In-

stitute takes the liberty of inviting, in the United States, such superior works as are known to exist. Beside this a jury of high class painters and sculptors meets in Chicago to select from the numerous voluntary offerings, such works as seem good to them. The composition of this jury was of the very highest order and the members came from various parts of the United States. This jury also determined the awards. There had been some small prizes awarded in previous years, but the ball once set a-rolling gathered to itself more and better matter. Mr. Cahn, Mr. Harris and Mrs. Potter Palmer are the important donors. Mrs. Palmer's gold medal and its accompanying \$1,000 in cash counted largely. Please do not come with the suggestion that mere prize winning is an unworthy motive to induce an artist to do good work; that he should do his best for art's sake alone, because most artists do just that, and work their best for the love of working. However, though he may do the best work he can, for the sake of doing it, it does not follow that it will be sent to Chicago. Imperfect though it be, the jury system is the best we know of, and prize giving certainly builds up a gallery, and spreads in many places, otherwise neglected, knowledge of art.

Probably the best picture in these galleries was a portrait of Chas. L. Hutchinson, by Louis Betts. It should have been honored with the highest prize; but could not be, because the painter was a member of the jury of selection. The artist is still young, and his rise has been phenomenal.

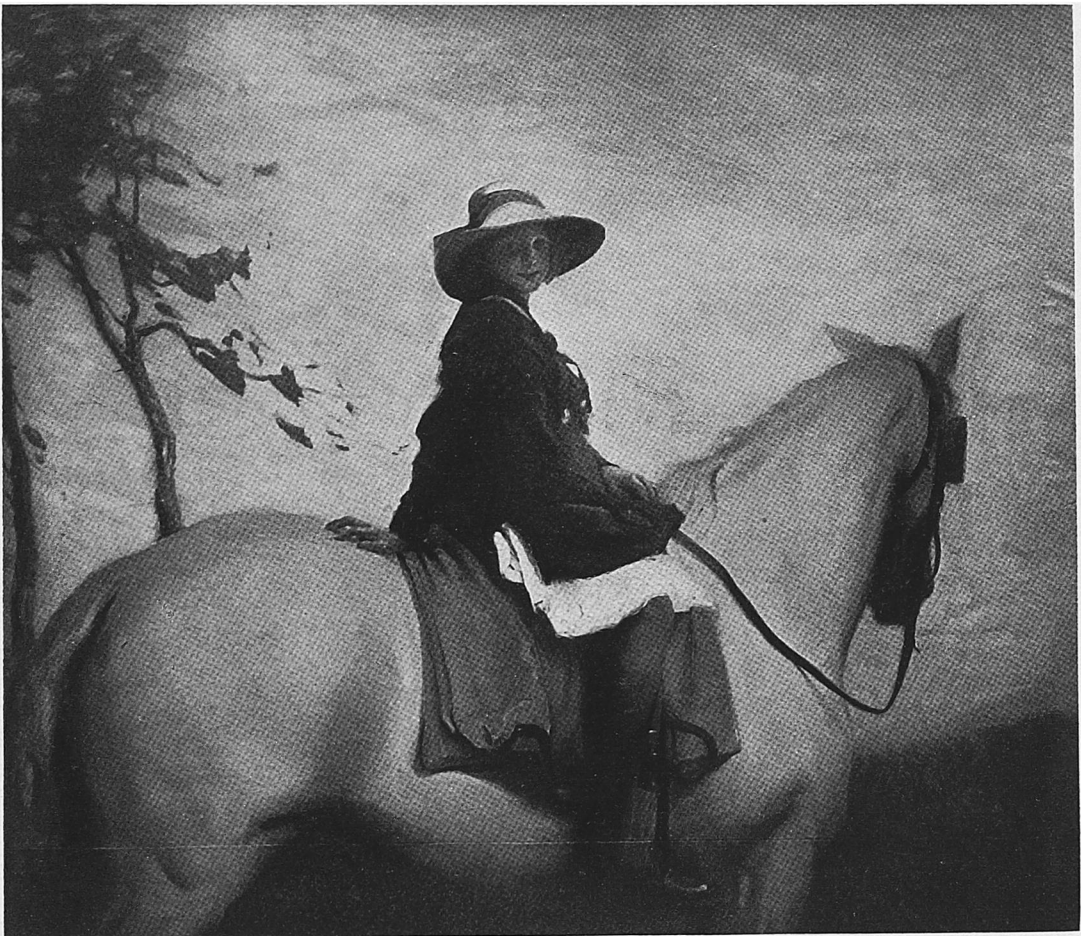
Returning to Chicago after a year spent in Europe he accumulated commissions for portraits which have kept him busy until now, and his prices have more than trebled. It is the swiftness with which he works that secures the approval of his sitters, and the ability to secure not only an excellent likeness, but the character of each person, accounts for his success. Mr. Hutchinson's portrait is full

length. From head to feet the treatment is simplicity itself; great dignity attained by the use of the long black silk scholar's robe, which falls to the ground, and melts tenderly into the background. The head and the truthfully painted hands made three conspicuous spots in the darkness. To paint so extensive a canvas, approaching black nearly all over, with acceptable color, is already a marked success. Crowning this erect figure is the veritable countenance of the President of the Art Institute, Trustee of Chicago University, where the picture will permanently hang, successful banker and public spirited citizen. He is clear-eyed and determined, the embodiment of frankness and kindliness. Mr. Hutch-



"THE GAY SET"
By Fred Green Carpenter

—Courtesy Art Institute



"THE VILLAGE RIDER"
By John C. Johansen

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

inson's expression is like this, when approached, and he is about to say, "What can I do for you?" and his keen attention makes us feel that when his mouth shall open a kindly but positive answer will issue.

The manner in which Mr. Betts lays his paint surpasses in spirit every other portrait painter represented in these eight galleries. Every stroke of the hand in direct and the paint in left absolutely unblended. With a well loaded brush the heavy pigment is left just as it is laid. Here there is a sharp dab and there a knowing sweep of great length; but every stroke is in such correct value that the head models wonderfully well. This matter of laying paint is

highly important and no picture can be properly appreciated unless studied from this point of view. The abilities of the artist show themselves first in the characterful rendering of his subject matter, and then in his handiwork.

There were some sixty portraits in this exhibition. Nearly every figure painter expects eventually to become a portrait painter, and shows pictures with a view of attracting attention to his abilities in this direction. In this matter of handling, Robert Henri's tall girl, in rose and gray, is frank in brush work and fresh in color. In fact, Mr. Henri's explosive handling of paint is his special pride. It is very swiftly painted with a large brush, the strokes more

in evidence than necessary. The flesh of the face cuts sharply against the hair, and the entire figure is so cut out that it forms everywhere a sharp line on the background. It is done at one painting, the color clear and brilliant, but it cannot be said to model well. His head of the stoker has the same bold and forceful strokes, but still ruder and sharper, with excessively red cheeks.

We see here once more a portrait by Mr. Vonnoh, who some years back ceased to paint and engaged in real estate transactions. But financially, unfortunate, he went back to Paris, and to painting again. He has a large canvas—a refined lady with silver hair dressed in black. But the face is not strongly handled; in fact, it falls far beneath what we are accustomed to expect from Vonnoh. Everything in the picture is better than the face. We have, in Rosenthal's "Edith," sleeves to the elbow, very charmingly painted hat and gloves, the flesh tender and pretty smooth, but the matter of strong modeling is not there. Mr. Ralph Clarkson of Chicago has painted a portrait of Dean Bates, showing a man of highly developed intelligence and wide education, who avoids the conventional professorial coat. It is a relief to see a simple gray business suit. Here again is bold and solid brush work, every touch in its place, giving excellent rotundity. The coloring of the flesh is correct and agreeable, making the picture one of the fine things in the gallery.

Alice B. Winter's portrait of a child with a little doll is choice in color, the flesh

exceedingly tender and pulpy, but not revealing the brush strokes, which goes to prove that good modeling may be obtained in company with finish. It is a remarkably clever affair. There is a series of warm buff panels, bound in with green borders in the background. The child's little frock shows a checkerboard pattern decidedly quaint and kept very quiet; the beautifully painted hands are entirely charming. Of course, it is not bold work,



"MARION OF HEWN OAKS"
By Douglas Volk

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

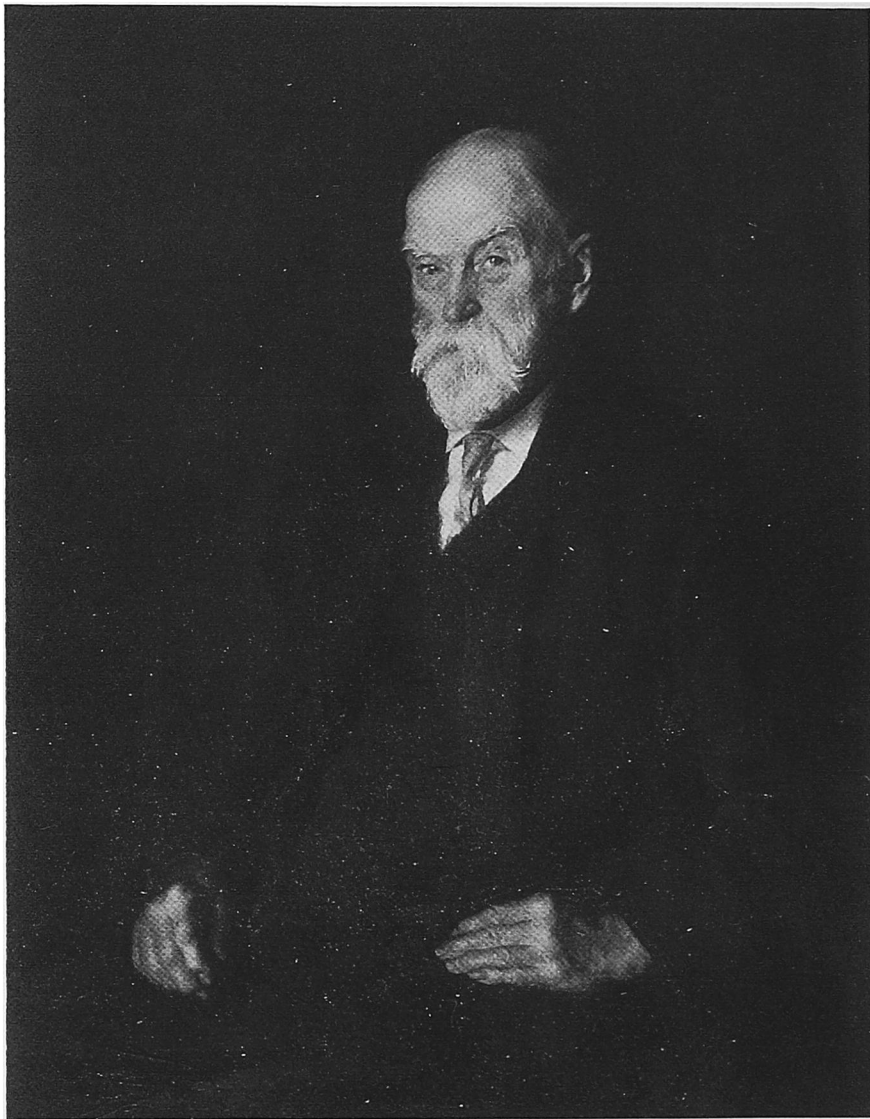


"MOTHER AND CHILD"
By M. Jean McLane

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

but not an inch of it is tame. Close by hangs a similar picture by M. Jean McLane (Mrs. Johansen) of a mother kissing her baby. Here again the flesh is admirable, models well and is fairly smooth, but with sundry cleverly applied sweeps of the brush charged with gray, which unites it with the atmosphere. There is an extraordinarily good tone, and at the same time great variety of color, and over all a beautiful silence. Quite in contrast is the por-

trait of a man by Samuel B. Barker; a dark dog sits against his black coat. The man's head is exceedingly well modeled and knowingly done, but is over finished to slickness. It appears to be an excellent likeness, but by some misfortune, perhaps not the artist's fault, the face suggests a bright-eyed dog more than the sedate animal in his lap does; and this is one of the unfortunate accidents which may occur in portrait painting.

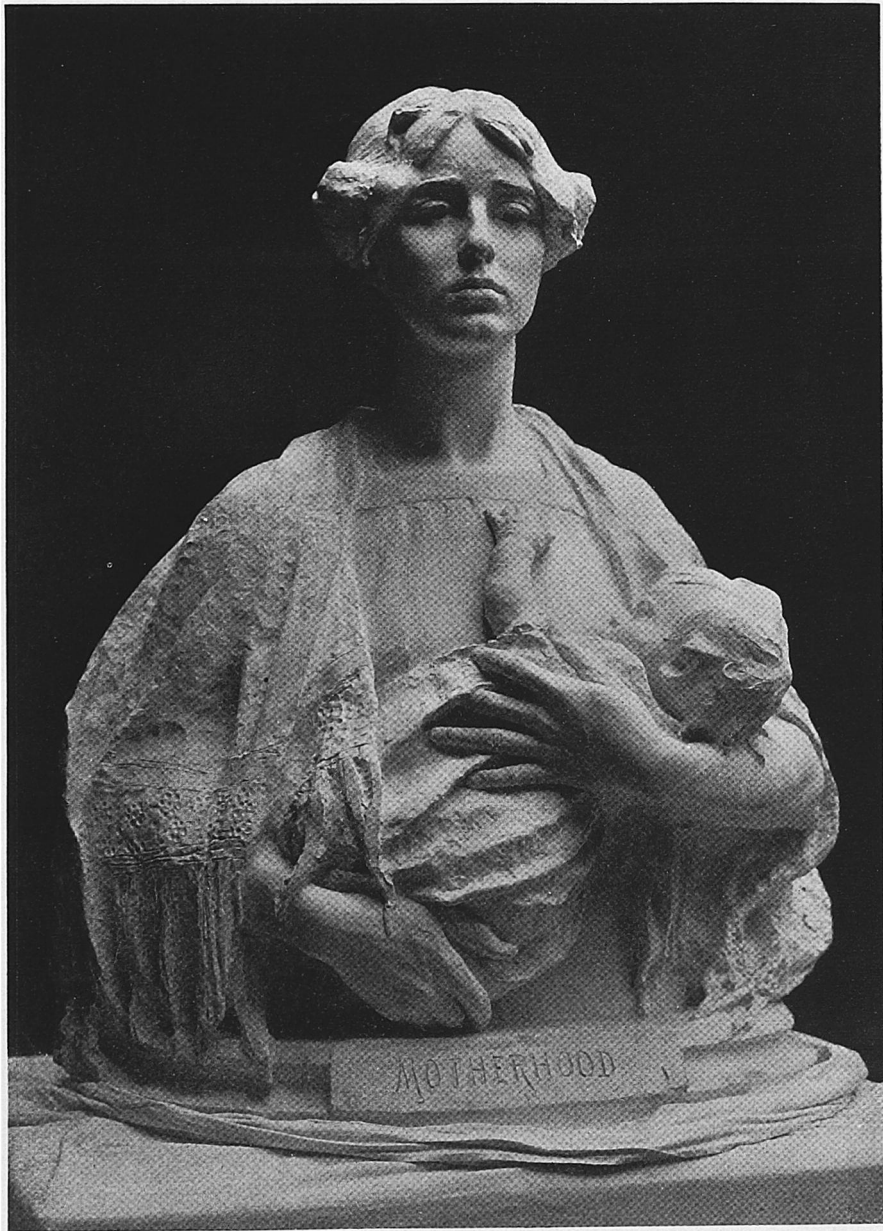


PORTRAIT OF ASA H. PAIGE
By Margaret F. Richardson

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

There follows a long string of portraits, good ones, correctly painted, but not significant. Then a portrait of the Chicago sculptor, Korbel, by W. D. Goldbeck. The sculptor is in his gray blouse sitting in a carved chair, the back rising behind the head. The composition is theatrical and therefore striking. Goldbeck is a young man and, while the painting is exceedingly promising, he leaves many things to desire. As we have been talking of handling

and modeling we notice here that the effort to be perfectly truthful has caused the artist to drag sundry gray colors about the lower part of the face, throwing it somewhat out of value. This picture has been much looked at and admired, and portends better things in the future. There is a portrait of Asa H. Paige, by Margaret Richardson, which was given the Harris bronze medal with \$300.00. The artist has taken advantage of the sitter's exceedingly indi-



"MOTHERHOOD"
By Carle Romanelli

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

vidual countenance to produce a finely colored, well handled and carefully studied face, working with a free brush, the touches somewhat smoothed but distinctly acceptable.

Mary Foote paints a somewhat unique portrait of the talented sculptor, Janet Scudder, which has virtues; lying, first in

the good likeness and then in the charming color found in a light dress of a richly toned rosy cream, and with this contrasts fine lace and not an inharmonious tone on the canvas. It is a light picture, the black hair forming the chief accent. The flesh shows plenty of good blood, the modeling and brushing sufficiently finished to please

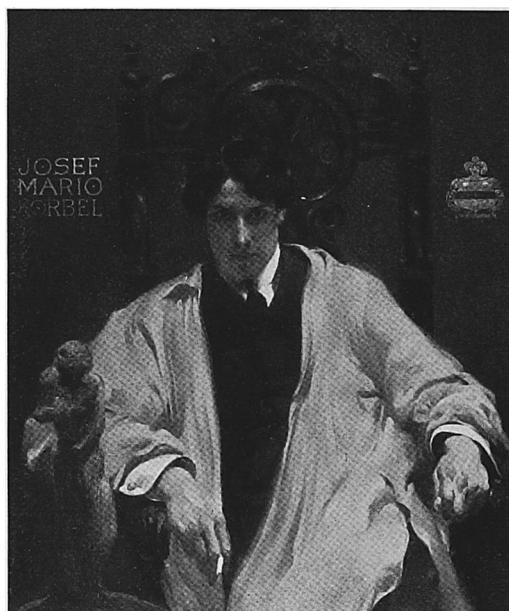
the majority of cultivated people, and nowhere is it weak. Lawton Parker shows himself a man of decided talent in three pictures here, one of a young girl sitting in a large chair and leaning on the arm, while she dreams, as is shown in the languid eyes. In color he seeks for tone, which enters into flesh, dress and background—all very harmonious. The white dress is so low in tone as to be rich in quality, the color is far down in the scale, but well managed. Although the dress is considerably ornamented everything keeps to the tonality. Parker has been painting with the artistic colony down the Seine from Paris, and has been influenced considerably by the younger French artists who study the problem here described.

Charles W. Hawthorne is a very earnest painter, most sincere in his study. In "The Song" there is a piano and a quiet mottled wall, sometimes running to greenish and beautifully contrasting with the flesh of the girl, who will sing, and the man accompanist at the piano. The flesh is beautiful in color and simply handled, with very few brush marks. The young woman, with a slight blush of self-consciousness, is interesting, and the whole picture appeals to us. The great excellence in the flesh is its tender pulpieness which never suggests too much polish.

There are a number of Salon pictures here illustrating that smartness which is widely in evidence just now in Paris. It is by no means new, but has a new aspect—a study of various sorts of whites placed one against the other with a great deal of skill, only relieved by bits of green and many strokes of rose. It is really excellent still-life painting; even black hair looks like porcelain, as do the polished hands and face. There is absolutely no effort to secure facial expression; only immensely clever painting. Bad and insincere, these are not in reality portraits, but painted to show how pretty a portrait one could do if given an order.

Frederick C. Friescke performs this decorative effect well, and is much admired for his ability to paint. As painting, his "Lady at Mirror" is admirable; but it goes no farther. Two young women, in white, are sitting in fine surroundings; a white wainscot, white toilet table, white chair and white frieze. However, this frieze is elaborately decorated with rose and green. The floor is old-rose and this color is dotted about on many objects. The girl doing up her hair repeats herself in the mirror.

President Seelye stands in the midst of a very large square canvas in his doctoral robes. There is a hint of dull crimson in the gown and all these dark tones are managed nicely. Mr. Hubbell, the painter, is not so fortunate with this face as with many others we have seen; because the modeling is not very strong and there is a suggestion that he labored to get the likeness. Mrs. Eleanor Colburn, a Chicago artist, has painted a child, with a doll, against great masses of pink flowers. While the face is not altogether tender, its color is good enough, and the shadowed



W. D. GOLDBECK
By Josef Maris Kobel, Sculptor
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



"SUMMER TIME"
By Frederick Fursman

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

parts are clear. She has set herself a difficult problem and done it well.

Our brilliant painter, Childe Hassam, is not himself at all in "Reflected Sunlight." He has done so many intensely sparkling things that one is tempted to say before this picture "Mud." But he saves himself in another picture, "The Opal," exquisite in pale colors, delightfully commingled, making a true opal. A nude woman sits erect on a rock, in a landscape as clear and vibrating as the flesh. Hassam is a genius,

and usually produces wonderful color, through mottled pure pigments.

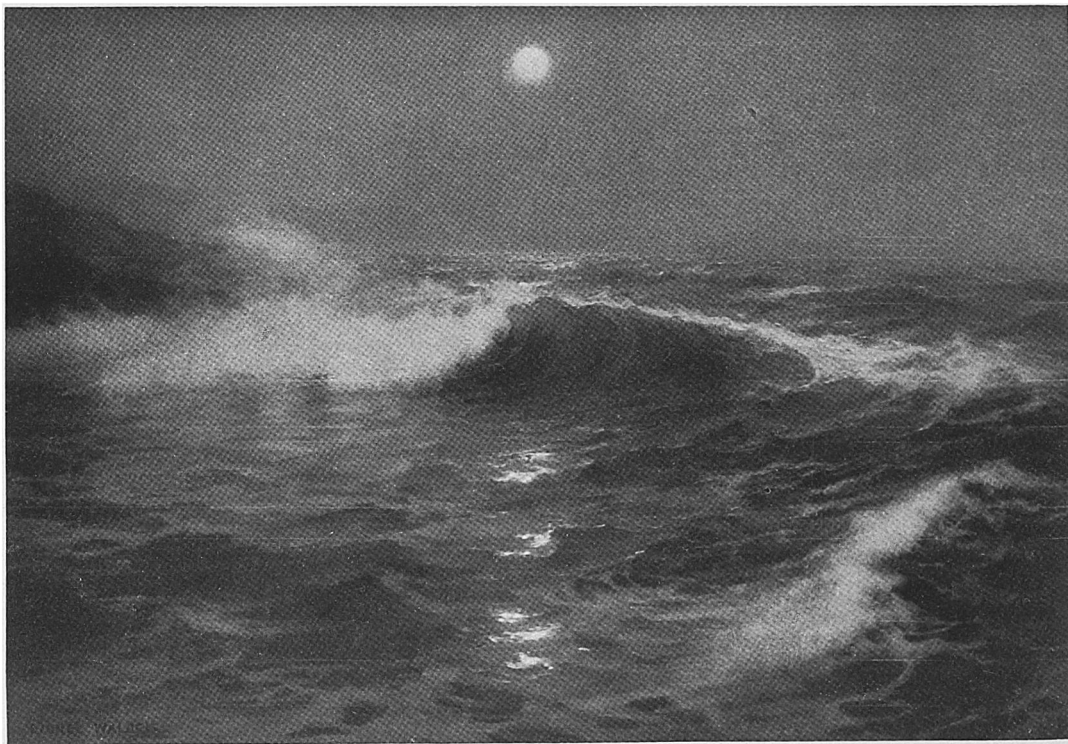
Fred G. Carpenter has another of the Salon pictures mentioned. All his girls are in gorgeous colors of figured silk, the main personage glorious with a peculiar orange and reddish garment, while over to the right one has a very bright red. Every color of the rainbow shines out. The tea drinker in front being a brunette, her skin is ashen in tone, though light falling on the group beyond brings out very clear flesh

colors. One could almost say that the standing woman's red paint, for the lips, gave the keynote of brilliancy. The work is dreadfully smart and shows long schooling. Probably Carpenter will decorate some court house with similar murals, though a costly bar room would be more suitable.

In an exhibition of over four hundred art works there appears a great variety of manners of working. It is possible that in landscape an artist may reveal his painter temperament more than in any other way, as he has liberty in flinging his brush about, so that a certain bold bluffness has its virtues. Mr. Wendt, long a Chicagoan, but now basking in south California sunshine, has recently studied the effects of afternoon sun on mountainous foothills. Trees and other objects in shadow rise up on either side the foreground, and through this sort of frame the powerful rotundity

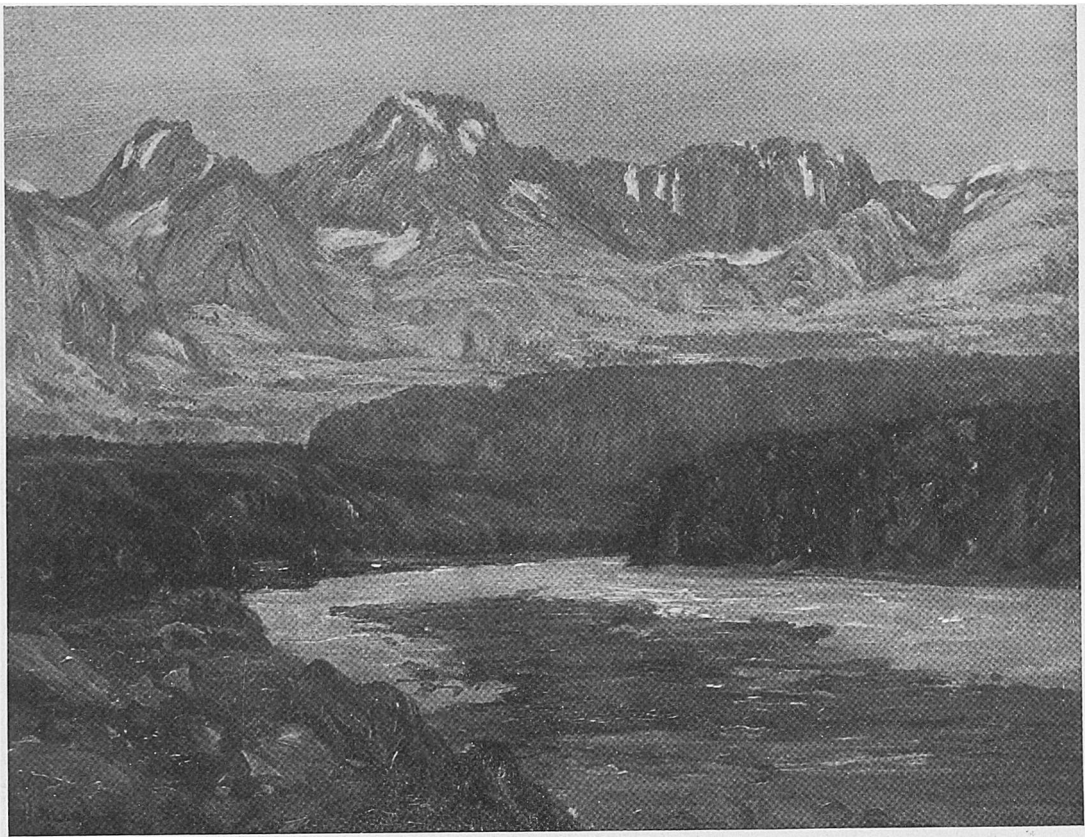
of the mountain is revealed. He has made many of these pictures recently, with the liability of a certain hot tone in his sunshine; but now the examples of his work are much better. Wendt is an intense literalist and his manner of rendering rocky hills leaves an impression of solidity. Possibly the gray, suggestive moonlight, purchased for the institute a year ago, was much more poetical because not so intensely naturalistic. But, however, that may be, Wendt has done excellent work with his realistic sunshine.

Now a man's temperament does strange things with landscape pictures and sometimes we can't quite account for the results. Ben Foster paints about as dry and solid a country side as we could imagine, and yet his work is distinctly poetical. All study of detail is likely to be a trifle dry. If that's the case, why should Foster's pictures carry such a feeling of atmos-



"MOONRISE"
By Lionel Walden

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



"KICKING HORSE RIVER, B. C."
By Louis H. Meakin

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

where? Looking across a meadow and creek, he rears up a bold Connecticut hill, covered with the forest, and seems to have made out a vast number of trees on the steep slope. But this is done with such harmony and such accuracy that these positive details seem perfectly surrounded by air. His edges are sharp, but that does not seem to do any harm. If we cannot account for Foster's talent, it matters not; we must admire Foster. Now the exact opposite of this is a painting by Dearth, an old stone church on a flat land, a dancing moon in the sky, the last rays of the setting sun catching the church tower and the tops of the slender trees which are not trees at all, but only suggestions of trees. Now this is made as a deliberate effort to express poetry; and it does. The tone of the picture is a play with greenish notes.

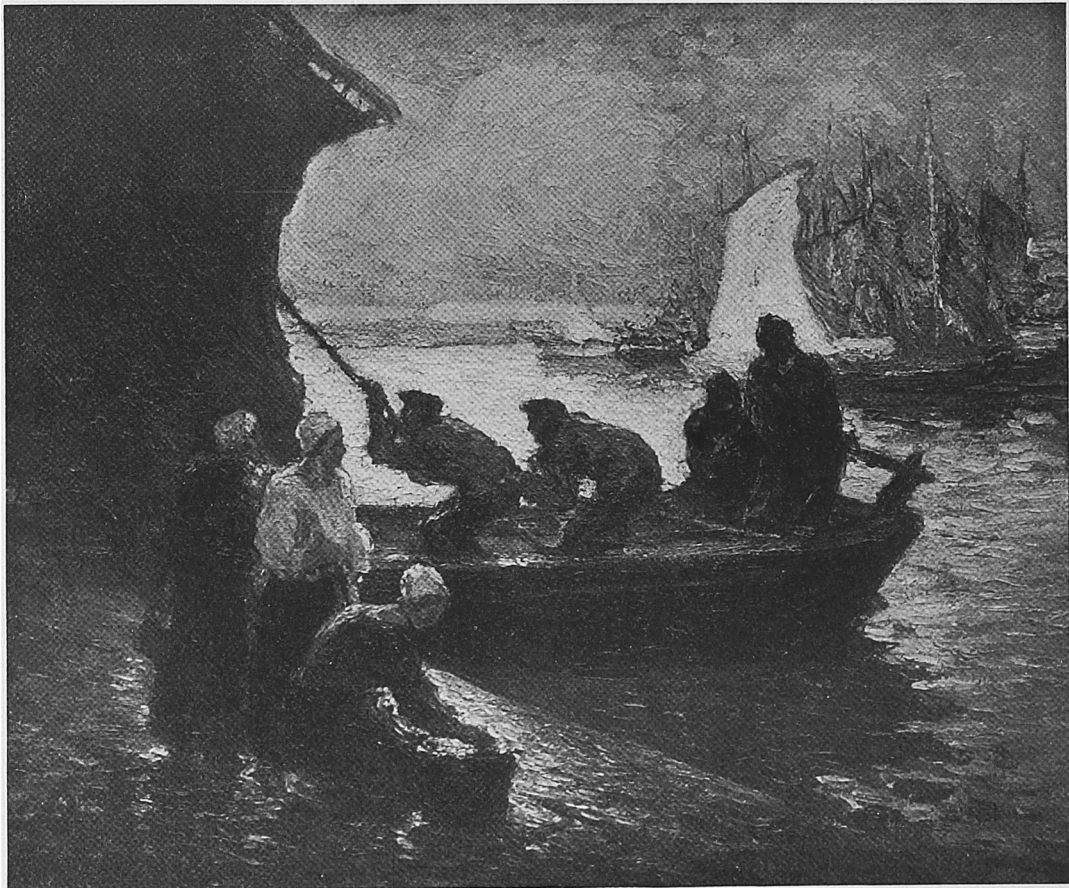
The level plain suggests good distance, the church is little made out, only a dignified mass of matter rearing itself up. The tall slender trees are a good deal like a great many thousand other artificially trimmed trees in northern France, where this was painted. So while Foster secures a marked poetical effect with all his positivism, Dearth is poetical because of his mystery and entire neglect of fact. How do you account for such strange developments?

"The Dune at Sunset," by Charles Warren Eaton, is again poetical and literal, but resembles in handling neither of the men just spoken of. This represents a mountainous sand dune, on some sea coast, with trees and grass in the foreground. The texture of the sand hill is beautifully given in the shadow, and yet with very little detail. It is the quiet, refined tone of the

shadowy part which makes it so pleasing. Then there is a shaft of sunshine which strikes across the top of the sand, making it glimmer and shine, and a very tender vibrating sky completes the impression. We are talking about landscapes, so I presume that anything that is outdoors is landscape, even though the canvas is nearly covered by figures. In any case, atmosphere is or is not studied, and it may feel like outdoors, or not. One of our erratic painters, always working outdoors, is George Bellows. Immensely talented, or "clever," and very original, he amazes us by his new point of view. Here we have a canvas of some size with a spot of crude green grass in front, and of reasonably raw blue overhead. The entire center from

side to side is occupied with great streaks of blue, and white, and pink, and so on, which we finally discover to be polo players and spectators. The movements are intensely original and full of activity. Here is a tawny streak, in a curved line, which finally seems to be a polo player, with club raised in the air, who swings his pony about with a sudden turn, giving a sense of violent activity. So with all the figures; big streaks taking attitudes and how they do go! Even the spectators are full of life, and absolutely nothing can be made out distinctly. It can be hardly called atmospheric, this painting; neither is there a tender note in it; but there is life and more life, which awakens sympathy.

We most of us know Gardner Symons'



"HOISTING SAILS—SUNSET"
By Augustus Koopman

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



"LADY AT MIRROR"
By Frederick C. Friesecke

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

work, patches of snow scattered about rough rolling country, painted with wide forceful brush strokes and the positivism of a stone wall. Symons is an admirable painter, fine colorist of the realistic sort, and among his pictures here is an old-fashioned wooden boxed-in bridge stretching across a half-frozen creek, in a sunshine which leaves no doubt in your mind as to where the light comes from. Now Symons, I suspect, makes no claim to poetry in his work, but it certainly is overpoweringly true and executed by a muscular mind and arm. In the midst of all the snow and dry grass the color scheme is keyed by a gayly painted red barn and the near-by farm house.

Mrs. Stacey's twilight demands attention because of the courage with which she has

painted almost no light. I can scarcely recall any other picture so absolutely reduced to the dimness of early night as this one. Most painters find it necessary to drop in a little bright moonlight, for effect's sake; or reflect the light of the hearth through the windows; but here you find no tricks. The canvas is nearly filled by the bulky form of an old Belgian brick church. Searching into the dim light everything can be discovered, slate roof, gutters, mouldings, charmingly painted brick walls, all positive, and yet floating about in an atmosphere that goes with its sky, which is scarcely lighter than the big church.

The Harris silver medal, garnished with a check for \$500, was bestowed upon John C. Johansen's "The Village Rider." The canvas is large enough to hold a lifesize

white horse—or nearly all of him—right in the center. Astride of a saddle blanket, on the horse, sits a girl of twelve, one of those village favorites who passes a joke with everybody and does not keep her clothes very tidy. I'll guarantee that everybody likes her, as we do. This is painted with an admirable boldness, the horse as good as his rider in drawing; though he looks a trifle like a shaved skin. And close by in passing we have to glance with admiration at a portrait by J. Alden Weir. It is very difficult to account for the charm in this noted man's work. So honored is he at the National Academy in New York, the members jokingly remark that the chief place of honor is reserved for Weir. It is almost nothing to talk about except to remark the beautiful expression of Miss M., whom it represents, and asks you to go to look at it many times, until you are filled with its subtle beauty and tenderness. There is absolutely nothing to it excepting that it is one of the finest pictures in the whole exhibition; you must find out the rest yourself. Also Douglas Volk is able to give a very clever expression to his portraits; the one we illustrate has nothing in it but a beautifully rendered series of tones and this admirable expression of face. Note that the dress is not black, but an exquisite quality of dull crimson brocade—one of the tenderest colors in all these galleries.

Talking of portraits once more, there is Romanelli's sculptured half-figure called "Motherhood." The woman has a fine face, boldly blocked in, and she holds her babe sympathetically to her bosom; though she is not looking at baby, but rather gazing out into the world, as if pondering on his future. The surface is left reasonably rough and the bit of lacework and fringe, falling over the arm, is as frankly done as the rest, though it may or may not be in good taste to sculpture fringes.

No one can describe over four hundred pictures, not a single poor one among

them; but we would like to talk about Meakin's glimpse into the heart of ragged Canadian mountains and the dark river flowing through them, and the whole cold and unfriendly, though well executed.

Totally contrasting with all the landscapes in the galleries is Daniel Garber's "Towering Trees," which received the Potter Palmer gold medal, with its accompanying \$1,000. As subject matter goes, it is delightfully uninteresting; as execution, nothing could be more original. Garber is a recently arrival, but he seems to have fascinated all juries, and nobody can escape giving attention to him. Looking through the spaces between these elongated trees we see warm, pale clouds, a bluish mountain far off, and then near by tall pillars of green—a green that is green, but agreeable. Seemingly all the leaves on these trees are shown, but perhaps we may call them bunches of leaves, boldly and frankly touched with green, the shadows colored, but nearly blackish. The rushes in the pool of water in front are certainly admirably done. Much to my surprise I find that the picture is admired by all the fools as well as by all the wise ones. There is a something or other about it which claims the admiration of everybody.

There are several pictures here which illustrate the reduction of all colors to a specific tone, as Max Bohm's "Sea Babies." A mother holding her babe sits on a bank immediately at the edge of the sea. Two older children, entirely nude, have come out of the water in order to spend a moment at admiring the little one, who laughs back happily at them. All is well drawn and freely painted, but the flesh is not colored like most of the others, being reduced to a certain quality which artists call "tone," as if some black were mixed with colors, corresponding to the sky, rocks and clothes. Bohm was trained in Munich and there is a sort of old master quality in the work, a direct contrast to the young French effects. Hopkins' "Frivolity" shows this;

a not too serious young woman all in white, her flesh too much like a polished pearl, and as for expression—nothing. It is an all-light canvas, except for many thin lines of black velvet about the dress and a black veil, one touch of green being the only relief. Though astonishingly executed, this is heartless. Bohm's color scheme is dignified and his figures have expression. Bohm's naked children look to be very fond of the baby. We doubt if Hopkins' girl is fond of anything but her pretty clothes, and these are so elegant as to embarrass any grave old man lest his head be lost over them.

Tonal painting made Whistler famous. The general public learns but slowly to appreciate the loveliness of this quality, but finds it an enduring love when once awakened. William P. Henderson believes in the virtues of tone. His talent, of which he has much, finds expression in a series of choice flat tones. There never appears any story; because, with him, line and tonal color are story enough. Yes; there is the story of Mrs. Henderson's inviting face. The lady stands against a tonal-black background, on a series of tonal greens in the carpet, dressed in a very slim tonal yellow frock, holding out her arm to display a tonal-violet scarf falling in a thin, straight line to the floor, her other hand with a rich tonal-blue fan. Of course, the flesh is not rosy or opal; but tonal, fortunately very agreeable. Pray forgive me for being technical.

If these virtues cannot be appreciated, then the artist has labored in vain, and many artists might as well go to sawing wood, excepting that the saw-buck enjoys little mental amusement and betters nothing but our appetities. Lillian Genth paints exquisite tone, but her's is a scale of greens and pale flesh. A member of the art jury, of this exhibition, declared that Miss Genth was the best painter of these schemes of tender green and luminous flesh in America. The many leafy trees, amid which

nude nymphs sport, are so permeated with lively sunshine that these creatures seem bathed in the brilliancy. Also, she manages to avoid the feeling that nudes are naked, but only graceful wild animals in delicious "Spring-Time."

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones is not at all tonal. Here we find our complete contrast, as she cannot find pigments too bright for her purpose. Withall, the brushing is wonderful. While her work cannot be said to imitate that of Sorolla, it is true that the two artists color much like, and manipulate their brushes in the same manner. In the two pictures here, "In Apron Strings" and "The Shoe Shop," the paint is tossed about so freely as to make a puzzle of the canvas surface. It requires a considerable distance and some study to realize the exact meaning of this confusion of brush strokes, and the coloring includes all bright colors so cleverly managed that no crudeness appears. Her faces look like flesh and still they are intensely colored. "The Shoe Shop" is even gayer than the pictures of babies. "An Idyll," a group in marble by Olga Popoff, forms the frontispiece of this article so that each one may judge of the treatment and motive. It is sufficient then to state that it is an excellent piece of marble cutting done with great ease and freedom.

The important figure in landscape called "Summertime," by Frederick Fursman, of Chicago, secured one of the Cahn prizes. Aside from whatever likeness there may be in the young woman's face, the really interesting problem which the painter set himself is the painting of a light green dress against the lively green of a meadow both in sunshine and shadow. It is no easy trick; the pale green dress is actually very much lighter than the green grass, but the sunlight on the grass beyond must be lighter than the pale dress in shadow. The ability to paint for the sake of painting is already an indication of talent which

deserves attention. Fursman threw down a red book in the grass and the unity of the whole composition is greatly aided by the black ribbons in the hat.

Augustus Koopman shows an excellent color sense in painting "Hoisting Sails." Not alone is the action excellent, but the effect of the setting sun on the distance gives a large measure of brilliancy, which was rendered with an abundance of paint and a variety of rich colors. It is interesting as we approach the close of our discussion to contrast the treatment and coloring in Koopman's picture with "Moonrise," by Lionel Walden. This is nothing

but surf coming on a rocky shore, and exceedingly well drawn. But it is all blue, with scarcely a contrasting note. As Koopman's picture has every color the palette affords spread out plainly, so Walden makes music with blue; a blue moon and a blue sky and a blue water and pale blue surf. Whether it sounds right or not, it is really very beautiful. Of course, the philosophy of the light of the moon is found in its unity of tone; but it took a clever man to put all these blues together.

It seems that all good things come to an end and so must our discussion of beautiful paintings.



"THE SEA BABIES"
By Max Bohm

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago